

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## CURRENT NOTES.

THE simple heart that freely asks in love, obtains.

SHOW may be easily purchased; but happiness is always a home-made article.

THAT which could break a proud man's heart will not break a humble man's sleep.

Do not imagine that the appearance of madness indicates sanctity; it may mean hypocrisy.

ONE knows very well that in reducing ideas to practice, great latitude of toleration is needed.

THE most delicate and satisfying of all happiness consists in promoting the happiness of others.

AWAY from Christ there is no way of safety, but only wandering; no truth, but only error and falsehood and deceit.

IN the quiet of the early morning we should laden our hearts with kindness and good-will, for use during the day.

HE who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

IF I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing.

To pray against temptations, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray that they might not be burned.

THE brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational, but he whose noble soul its fear subdues and bravely dares the danger which it shrinks from.

MEN'S lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the spring, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

BESIDE one deed of guilt, how blessed is guiltless woe!

O how portentous is prosperity! How comet-like; it threatens while it shines.

LIFE, like a dome of many-coloured glass, stains the white radiance of eternity.

HE goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

HAPPINESS is neither with us nor without us; it is the union of ourselves with God.

We are haunted by an ideal life; and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.

Joy in the Lord adds to our strength. If we cease to rejoice, then will we be tempted to look back to the world.

It is as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it as it is difficult to deceive others without their finding it out.

THE malicious censures of our enemies, if we make a right use of them, may prove of greater advantage to us than the civilities of our best friends.

THE best weapon with which to repel the assaults of specious scepticism, and brazen infidelity, is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

WHOEVER thinks of life as something that could be without religion is yet in deadly ignorance of both. Life and religion are one, or neither is anything.

You know that it is a right heart that, in the end, makes a safe head; and the ancients used to say that the punishment of a knave is that he loses good judgment.

To scare men away from the pit is not enough in order to win them to heaven. Love is the lodestone of the new covenant, and by this will Christ draw all men toward him.

WHEN one has been long and far away from an earthly home, what a happy sight to see brothers and sisters all crowding to the door to bring us in. What is that but a dim image to what will be seen at the gates of glory?



## PRAISE AMONG THE MARRIED.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

YES, among the married. Why should they not speak kindly to each other? The voice of commendation is sweet, doubly sweet from the lips of those we love. It chills the best feelings, weakens the highest aspirations when continuous and sacrificing effort calls forth no kindly returns—no word of cheer, of encouragement. The snow is ever unimpressible in the deep, hollow recesses of the mountain cliff, where no straggling beam of merry sunshine melts it with kisses; cold and white it sleeps in perpetual shadow, till its soft roundness congeals into ice. And so the heart, if forced to abide in the shadow of frowns, under the continual dropping of hard, unkindly words, will assimilate itself to its mate, and become a sad and listless heart, lying heavily and cold in the bosom that should be all filled with glowing sympathies.

Husbands often do not know with what ceaseless solicitude the duties of a wife and mother are accompanied. They leave home early, many of them; the routine of business, the same as it was yesterday, and will be months to come, is so thoroughly digested that the performance is measurably without annoyance. They have no heavy or wearying household work to do, no fretting little ones hanging on to their garments, now to nurse, now to correct, now to instruct, while still the dusting, and the cleansing, and the preparing of food must be going on, and the little garments must be nicely fitted and made, or all would be untidiness and confusion. Yet how many an adroit manager contrives to get through with all this, willing—if she is but appreciated, and her valuable services esteemed—to endure calmly the trials incident to her lot, keeping care from her pleasant face by a merry spirit and cheerful demeanour!

But if she never hears the kindly "I thank you," or beholds the beautiful smile that unuttered gratitude spreads upon the countenance of him for whom she has forsaken all, what immeasurable anguish would she not experience!

We have often thought how poignant must be the grief, how heavy the disappointment of the young wife, when she first learns that the husband of her choice is totally indifferent to her studious efforts to please. He has many times in former days, praised the glowing beauty of her sunny hair, and curled its rings of gold around his fingers. He has gazed in her face until it stamped upon the tablets of his heart, yet—through utter thoughtlessness—he forgets now that it has been such a talisman of goodness and purity to him, or old associations have made him too much their own, to play the lover after the solemn words of ceremony are spoken. He has given her his honour and a home; his means; what more can she want?

Gaily as the bird upon the tree by her doorside does she go carolling about her work. The day seems one long year—but still twilight *does* come, and she awaits the return of her husband. He has, perhaps, but slender resources; he is a labouring man, and their cottage is humble and low-roofed. How light is her step: how happy her brow. Like a skilful painter she has touched and re-touched all the slender luxuries of her home, till they seem to her like the adornings of a paradise. She has taste, refinement, a quick perception of the delicate and the beautiful, though mayhap she never has plied her needle at worsted tapestry, traced the outline of a single tree or flower, or elicited sweet sounds from harp or piano.

The hearth is bright and red—not a speck of dust is visible. She has brought out all her hoarded wealth and the tables, the new-varnished bureau, and the armchair back, shining in snowy garniture. She has placed the little pictures in the best light, hung up the wide sampler—her child's work at school—made all things look cheerful and bright, placed a bouquet of brilliant flowers upon the neat supper-table, and another in the little fireplace and with pleasant anticipations she awaits his return.

"How cheerful everything looks," she murmurs; and how pleased he will be! he will commend my care and taste."



Presently the well known step draws near; she flies with a happy smile to meet him, and together they enter their mutual home.

What! no sign of surprise—no new delight on his features?

Does he receive all her attention as a matter of course—something looked for, expected, easily done, and without price, can he not pay her the tribute of a glad smile? Alas! he does not believe in praise; his wife must be disappointed; must look upon these performances as stern duties; if he praise now, and forget to praise again, they may be discontinued.

She is disappointed, chagrined; and unless taste and perfect neatness are indispensable to her own comfort, she gradually wearies in well doing, when a little kindly encouragement, a little praise, might have stimulated her to constant exertion.

Many a wife becomes careless of her appearance because of her husband's indifference. Now in the simple matter of dress—not so simple either—how often men think it beneath their notice to approve the choice of their companions. We once remarked to a gentleman that his wife displayed most admirable taste in her attire, and what think you was his answer? With a sigh we record it: "Has she? Well I should hardly know whether she had on a wash gown or a satin dress." We involuntarily disliked him, and thought that the expression upon the countenance of his partner spoke volumes.

Now we do like to see a husband notice such things, even to particularity. We like to hear him give his opinion as to whether such and such a thing is becoming to his wife. We are pleased to see a father interested in the little purchases of his children, one who never says with a frown, "Oh! go away; I don't care for such things; suit yourselves."

And in household concerns the husband should express his approbation of neatness and order; he should be grateful for any little effort that may have been put forth to add to his comfort or pleasure; he should commend the good graces of his wife, and at fitting times make mention of them. Indeed,

not one alone, but both should reciprocate the good offices of the other. We never esteemed a woman the less on hearing her say, "I have a good husband;" we never thought a man wanting in dignity who spoke of his wife as being dear to him, or quoted her amiability and industry as worthy of example before others. Who does not esteem the unaffected praise of a husband or a wife beyond that of all others? No motive but love induces either to

"Speak the gentle words  
That sink into the heart."

How many a home have we seen glittering with splendour; where glowing marble from Italia's clime gives a silent welcoming to the entering guest; where on the walls hang votive offerings of art that fill the soul with their beauty; where the carpets yield to the lightest pressure, and the rich hangings crimson the palest cheek. Yet amidst all this show and adorning has the proud wife sat, the choicest piece of furniture there—for so her husband regards her. Formal and stern, he has thrown away the drapery of his chill heart, and it has folded about her like marble. She is "my lady," and nothing more. No outbursts of affection, in the form of sweet praise, fall upon her ears—yet pendants of diamonds drop therefrom, but their shining is like his love, costly and cold. We have heard such a one say, in times gone by, "All this wealth, all this show and pride of station, would I resign for one word of praise from my husband. He never relaxes from the loftiness which has made him feared among men; he never speaks to me but with measured accents, though he surrounds me with luxuries."

We wondered not that a stifled sob closed the sentence; who had not rather live in a cottage, through which the winds revel and the rain-drops fall, with one in whose heart dwell impulses, the holiest in our nature, one who is not ashamed or afraid to give fitting commendation, than in the most gorgeous of earthly palaces with a companion whose lips are sealed for ever to the expression of fondness, sympathy, and praise?



## A LEAF FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. H. G. PERRY.

It was in the summer of 1841; three dear "little ones" blessed my home with the light of their winsome ways, with the joy of their innocent prattle. Being a zealous religionist, and a believer in the limitarian theology, and feeling all the responsibility a mother could feel for the safety and well-being of those dearer to her than life, I strove amid hopes and fears to lead them to Christ and to God; and as they kneeled around me, and, looking up into my face, said, "Our Father," and other little prayers, I really supposed I was leading them unto him who gave them to me; to the true God and Father. Ah, how little did I know that they were silently, yet surely, leading me instead!

Ah! those terrible misgivings which would come, as I gazed with love unutterable upon them, that I had been instrumental in giving them an existence which might—and probably would to some of them—prove an endless curse! while love grew with each added day, until it seemed that all my heartstrings were clasped in their little dimpled hands. Oh, how vainly did I strive to evade the thought of the terrible responsibility of a mother's position in the face of even a doubt of life's final issues. I pity the mother who feels what I then felt, and pity her all the more who, believing thus, could feel less. Such experiences as that taught me that such a faith destroys all the rich blessings of maternity, and turns the noblest joys of life into a present and prospective curse.

Once convinced of the wrong, and my nature would not let me rest until satisfaction in regard to it was obtained; and with such agonising fears for the darlings who were ever with me, you will not wonder that my search was honest and earnest to find where the error lay; and thanks be to God, I did not seek in vain. Praise to His holy name, that He commissioned the "little ones" to lead me to a knowledge of Himself.

While in this frame of mind, seeking and praying for light, I attended church,

of which I was a member, and heard a sermon upon the parable of the "Rich Man and Lazarus." The preacher did not allow a parabolic, but gave it a strictly literal, interpretation; spoke of the nearness of hell and heaven, of the groans made in the one being heard in the other, and *vice versa*; in short, he showed me the creed I had accepted from childhood in its true light. I had often heard this before, but now, weak in body and worn in spirit, I could not endure it; I wept during the entire service. At the close, a good sister took my hand, and, with astonishment in every feature, begged to know what troubled me. She ought to have been more astonished had I been tearless. "The sermon," said I; "and, dear sister, if what we have heard be true, I have no motive left to induce me to strive to attain heaven, for I see no choice between the two places; I never could be happy in either." She did not attempt to console me. How could she? Returning home, I sent to a friend, who was a Universalist, and borrowed "Ballou on the Parables," just to read his interpretation of this one; but I read the whole book. The morning dawned, not yet wholly free from the mists and fogs of error, but destined to grow brighter and fairer to the perfect day.

A new significance to life, to all life was given; and if I could, how gladly would I tell to any mother the difference in the joy, the bliss with which I embraced the next cherub which came to my home! I welcomed it to the earth as to a home prepared for it by a loving Father; welcomed it to the love of my own unbound nature, and welcomed it to a life which was to prove an endless blessing. It was but a short earthly life to which it was welcomed, however, for I was soon called to part with it, and also with another, a sweet child of two years. It was a severe trial, but I felt how seasonable the blessing of a new faith had been given me, and its support was "sufficient for me;" death itself was now better than life had been without it. How could I murmur? Love, too, had a new significance; before it was bound; now it was right to give it free course. No



True love was idolatry now, and it  
 grew at once into its immortal nature,  
 and assumed its infinite proportions,  
 and need never be suppressed, as it only  
 led directly to the God of Love. I  
 knew now that loved ones were mine  
 in any world, where my love could  
 reach them. Since that time trials  
 have seemed small, because of the great-  
 ness of hope, of faith, of joy ; for though  
 my sky be overcast with clouds, I feel,  
 That every cloud that spreads above,  
 And veileth love, itself is love."

### WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendour  
 From the beauty of the hills,  
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,  
 Falls in splendour on the rills,  
 We may read love's shining letter  
 In the rainbow of the spray ;  
 We shall know each other better,

When the mists have cleared away,  
 We shall know as we are known.

Never more to walk alone,  
 In the dawning of the morning,  
 When the mists have cleared away.

We err in human blindness,  
 And forget that we are dust,  
 We miss the law of kindness

When we struggle to be just,  
 And snowy wings of peace shall cover  
 All the pain that clouds our way,  
 When the weary watch is over,  
 And the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,  
 Never more to walk alone,  
 In the dawning of the morning,  
 When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us  
 From the faces of our own,  
 If we deem our love has failed us,  
 And we tread our path alone ;  
 We should see them near and truly,  
 We should trust them day by day,  
 Neither love nor blame untruly,  
 If the mists were cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,  
 Never more to walk alone,  
 In the dawning of the morning,  
 When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,  
 As our father knows his own,  
 Face to face with those that love us,  
 We shall know as we are known.  
 Love beyond the orient meadows  
 Floats the golden fringe of day ;  
 Heart to heart we hide the shadows,  
 Till the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,  
 Never more to walk alone,  
 When the day of light is dawning,  
 And the mists have cleared away.

### ODD CHANGES IN THE MEAN- ING OF WORDS.

WE have frequently had occasion to remark that the word *hell* at one time had no meaning such as is now assigned to it—pit endless of woe. The word *hall*, a covered place, is as near the original as any word we can name. But other words as well have changed their meaning. The word "prevent," which once meant "help," now means "hinder." The meaning of the word "wretch" is another illustration. It was formerly used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. Formerly the word "wench" was not used in the low and vulgar acceptance that it is at present. "Damsel" was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and "Dame" a title of distinction. "Knaves" once signified a servant ; and in an early translation of the New Testament, instead of "Paul, the servant," read "Paul, the knave." "Varlet" was formerly used in the same sense as *valet*. On the other hand, the word "companion," instead of being the honourable synonym of associate, occurs in the play of "Othello" with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word "fellow ;" for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims :

"O Heaven ! that such *companions* thou'dst unfold,  
 And put in every honest hand a whip,  
 To lash the rascal naked through the world."

"Villain" formerly meant a bondman. In feudal law, according to Blackstone, the term was applied to those who held lands and tenements in *villengage*—a tenure by base services.

"Pedant" formerly meant a schoolmaster. Shakespeare says in his "Twelfth Night :

"A pedant that keeps a school in the church."

Bacon, in his "Pathway unto Prayer," thus uses the word "imp.:"  
 "Let us pray for the preservation of the King's most excellent Majesty, and for the prosperous success of his beloved son, the most angelic imp."



### "COME TO MOTHER."

How much love is expressed in those three little words! Have you not often beheld the young mother hasten her steps as she entered the nursery, after a short absence, and holding out her arms to her unconscious little one, murmur fondly, "Come to mother?" And when the babe first begins to know its nurse, its faintest cry will call forth those loving words; no matter how feeble the arms may be, they will always be willing to enfold the darling, and "Come to mother" will soon soothe it to rest. By and by the little feet totter about the room; the slightest obstacle soon brings the poor head bumping on the floor; but "Come to mother" quickly heals the bruise, and smiles take the place of tears when the little head rests on the mother's breast. Now see the mother watching her baby at play; does a thorn wound him, or a bee molest him, "Come to mother" is the only salve required. Years pass, and the boy must leave his home, perhaps for school, perhaps to labour for bread; for boys must sooner or later leave the sheltering arms that still long to inclose them from pain and danger. But let sickness, or trouble, or even disgrace threaten him, if that mother is living, and has a crust to eat, she will soon send forth those dear old loving words, "Come to mother," and he comes, and is comforted. Again he wanders off, far, far away; he is strong now, he no longer needs the protection of his feeble, loving mother. She is old, lonely, and perhaps in want, but she must not trouble him; she will suffer in silence, rather than interrupt her boy in his pursuits. At last she feels that she is dying, and longs once more to look upon that much-loved form, and with trembling fingers she writes once more the words, "Come to mother." Does he come now? Alas, not always; the mother's head now needs a resting-place upon his breast, but the arms do not open so quickly to receive that aged form. Oh, young man, think of it! Fly to her as you did in your childhood; the words are the same, only you are the comforter now. Make

some return for the love and devotion of past years; obey that last loving call, and "Come to mother."

### THE LAW OF VERACITY IS VIOLATED:

1. WHEN we state as true what we do not know to be true.
2. When we intentionally produce a false impression.
3. When we find that we have, though undesignedly, conveyed a false impression, and do not hasten to correct it.
4. When we state a matter in the least degree different from the shape it has in our own minds.
5. When in the statement of what may be true in fact, we purposely omit any circumstances which are necessary to a correct apprehension of the truth.
6. When we exaggerate or extenuate any of those circumstances.
7. When we purposely arrange the facts of a true representation in such a manner as to deceive.
8. When, with intention to deceive, we accompany a statement with a look of the eye, a tone of the voice, a motion of the head, or anything which may influence the mind and conduce to a false impression.
9. When we answer a question evasively, so as to deceive, under the secret pretence that the inquirer has no right to know the truth.
10. When by word or act we create an expectation which we do not intend to fulfil.
11. When we create an expectation which, though we intend to fulfil it, we afterwards fail to fulfil, without due care to explain the cause of the failure.
12. When we do not fulfil a promise in every respect precisely as we supposed the promisee understood it.
13. When we fulfil a contract or a promise in every particular, except as to *time*, and make no effort, show no disposition, to give early notice that the delay was unavoidable.

DOCTRINES revolting to the heart are not made to endure, however mixed up they may be with lessons the most divine. Their fruits contain the seeds of their dissolution.



## CHRIST AND THE CREEDS.

BY JOHN C. KIMBALL.

THE Creeds say that God is three persons, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that each of these persons is truly God, and that the three together are a trinity in unity.

Christ says, "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord;" "There is none good but one, that is God;" "I ascend unto my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God." And Paul, professing to "have the mind of Christ," says "To us there is but ONE God, the FATHER, of whom are all things, and we in Him, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him."

The Creeds teach that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are each to be addressed in worship and prayers, and the Episcopal Litany addresses each in this way.

Christ says, "When thou prayest, pray to thy Father;" "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth;" and "in that day ye shall ask me nothing."

The Creeds say that Christ is equal to the Father; Christ says, "My Father is greater than I."

The Creeds say that Christ is omnipotent. Christ says, "Of mine own self I can do nothing."

The Creeds say that Christ is omniscient. Christ says, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, neither the Son, but the Father."

The Creeds say that Christ was one with the Father in a different sense from that in which his disciples were one with each other and one with God.

Christ prays that his disciples may "be one, even as he and the Father are one," and one in God, as he is in the Father and the Father in him.

The Creeds say that Christ has two natures, is God and man combined in one person, and that it is as God that he is mediator, judge, reconciler, a teacher of the truth, a worker of miracles, and the one through whom is the resurrection from the dead: while

it is as man that he is ignorant, tempted to sin, and able to do nothing.

Christ uses the word "I" as covering his whole nature, and declares he is "a MAN that hath told you the truth." And his apostles say, "There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the MAN Christ Jesus;" God "will judge the world in righteousness by that MAN whom he hath ordained;" "Jesus of Nazareth, a MAN approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs which God did by him;" "Since by man came death, by MAN, also, came the resurrection from the dead;" and "In ALL THINGS it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might make reconciliation for the sins of the people."

Some of the most widely accepted Creeds teach, as in the Westminster Confession of Faith, that all the posterity of Adam have at birth "a corrupted nature," and that while "elect infants" and "other elect persons are saved," "others not elect cannot be saved;" and again, as in the Episcopal Thirty-nine Articles, that "original sin is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, and therefore that, in every person born into the world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation."

Christ "took the little children up in his arms and blessed them, and said, Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;" and "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Some of the Creeds—the Westminster Confession of Faith, and all those based upon it—say that man is "wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body," "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil."

Christ in the parable of the sower represents our human nature in which the seed is sown as having its wayside, its stony places, and its thorns, but, also, as having its good ground which is capable of bringing forth thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold; and, in the



parable of the Prodigal Son, represents that when man sins he is not acting in accordance with his true nature, but going away from it, and that when he repents he "comes to himself;" and Paul the follower of Christ, though uttering many strong expressions about inherited depravity, says that "the Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things written in the law, and show the work of that law which is written in the heart," and that, though he sees another law in his members warring against the law of his mind, yet he "delights in the law of God after the inward man."

Some of the Creeds say that "man by his fall into sin hath wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation."

Christ says, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak;" and Paul asserts, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not."

The Creeds generally make the first and greatest commandment, and the one thing on which hang all the law and the prophets, to be the acceptance of the atoning merits of a crucified Redeemer.

Christ teaches that the first and greatest commandment is to love God with all the heart and soul and mind and strength, and that on this, with the kindred one of love to our neighbour, hang all the law and the prophets.

The Creeds assert that the repentance and confession of sins are not enough without a trust in the blood of Christ to procure the sinner's forgiveness.

Christ preached, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" there is "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and, through his disciples, that, "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Even the old Hebrew prophet could say, "If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, and all his transgressions shall not be mentioned unto him."

One of the Creeds says that "men

not professing the Christian religion cannot be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess; and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious, and to be detested."

Christ says that at last all nations shall be gathered before the Son of Man, and that he will say to those on his right hand who have fed the hungry, and given drink to the thirsty, and clothed the naked, and visited the sick, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done unto me; come inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And his apostles, "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

The Creeds say that man's personal righteousness and good works, though required after conversion, are of no value in working out salvation, but that "The works done by unregenerate men are sinful, and displeasing in the sight of God."

Christ says, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven;" "The man who heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, is like unto a wise man that built his house on a rock." And his apostles say, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do;" "Whatsoever good thing ANY MAN doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord;" and "If ye do these things, ye shall never fall, for so an entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Creeds say that the only way in which man can be saved is by the substitution of Christ's punishment in the place of ours, and by having his righteousness imputed to us.

Christ says that "the Son of Man



small reward every man according to his works;" Paul, that "every man shall give an account of himself to God;" and Ezekiel, that righteousness cannot be transferred back and forth from one person to another, but that the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him and the wickedness of the wicked upon him."

The Creeds say that the atonement consisted in "the reconciliation of God to man," and that blood was necessary to expiate the Divine wrath.

Christ represents God as a Father standing at the eternal door, and, while his repentant children are yet a great way off, going out under the promptings of his own love to forgive and receive them; and Paul declares that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself;" "Christ hath suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

The Creeds say that damnation is the future punishment of the soul amid the torments of hell.

Christ says, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light." Some of the Creeds say that God hath foreordained some men and angels unto everlasting life and some unto everlasting death, and that their number cannot be increased or diminished; and they teach generally that all human beings, whether in heathendom or Christendom, who do not accept the merits of a crucified Redeemer in this life, even those who have never heard of him, shall be lost in hell for ever.

Christ teaches the certainty of eternal punishment, but uses the word "eternal" as referring to its kind and not its length. He himself says, at the result of his work, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me;" the words of the Bible are over and over again that "The mercy of the Lord endureth forever;" and the apostles who had Christ's mind proclaim that "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Reader, which will you believe—Christ or the Creeds?

### THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

NEARLY four thousand years ago a poor mother, with her boy, was turned out of doors to wander in the wilderness, and, for aught she knew, to die. Where could she find food and water in that barren place to keep the old wolf, famine, away?

But the Lord saw her great trouble and showed her a way out of it.

So they both lived, and the little boy in due time became a strong man and an archer; that is, he lived by hunting.

That was a very roving sort of life, and I presume his mother lived with him, for the story says she took him a wife from the land of Egypt, and that was a long way from their old home.

But I dare say Hagar, for this was the mother's name, came to like this sort of life quite well.

Certain it is that her grandchildren and all their descendants liked it. For though they became in time quite a nation, they still live the same wandering lives, with tents for their only shelter, besides the starry sky, camels carrying all their worldly goods from place to place.

The little boy's name was Ishmael, and his father's Abraham.

The strange and interesting people who descended from the little outcast we call Arabs.

### WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR!

I CAN conceive of no reason why he should, but of nine reasons why he should not.

It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as to swear.

It is vulgar. Altogether too mean for a decent man.

It is cowardly. Implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to the dictionary, is a genteel man, well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the streets to throw mud with a clod-hopper.

It is indecent. Offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.



It is foolish. Want of decency is want of good, common sense.

It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

It is contemptible. Forfeiting the respect of all that is wise and good.

It is wicked. Violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

Every objection urged is well taken, yet we find so many of our leading-men indulging in this useless habit. It does them no good, they admit, yet why will they continue in the habit?

#### MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest

Ere you fill them full of flowers ;

Wait not for the crowning tuberose

To make sweet the last sad hours ;

But, while in the busy household band,

Your darlings still need your guiding hand,

Oh, fill their lives with sweetness !

Wait not till the little hearts are still,

For the loving look and phrase ;

But while you gently chide a fault,

The good deed kindly praise.

The word you would speak beside the bier

Falls sweeter far on the living ear ;

Oh, fill young lives with sweetness !

Ah ! what are kisses on clay-cold lips

To the rosy mouth we press,

When our wee one flies to her mother's arms,

For love's tenderest caress !

Let never a worldly bauble keep

Your heart from the joy each day should reap,

Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,

Give thanks for the fairy girls ;

With a dower of wealth like this at home,

Would you rife the earth for pearls ?

Wait not for death to gem love's crown,

But daily shower life's blessings down,

And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,

Where the rose has faded away ;

And the love that glows in youthful hearts,

Oh, cherish it while you may !

And make your home a garden of flowers,

Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,

And fill young lives with sweetness.

#### OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Of the many subjects that can engage our attention, the one of supreme interest to all must be God himself. We may say of Death that though it *may* come at any moment, yet in all *probability* it is far off, and the present is not immediately concerned. But at all times, in every season of our lives, whatever tells us of the Almighty Ruler, of ourselves, and the universe, must be of the utmost interest, and nothing can be of more importance than to search after Him and learn to know Him better.

In the unsettled times in which we live, when on all sides questions are asked and doubts suggested concerning things which our fathers unhesitatingly accepted, it is well to look to the foundations of our trust, in order that we may have firm faith in the hopes and beliefs to which we cling. What a help to us, then, are the words which Jesus spoke concerning our Father in Heaven ! Besides the whole inference of his teachings—in addition to the parables in which he bids us learn something of God's ways—there are sayings of his which do not only infer but distinctly state facts concerning Him, and the beauty, truth, and holiness of which send sweet peace into our souls and strengthen our hearts. Truly, when once we have drunk of this water, we never thirst again.

What can be clearer than the words in which Christ told the woman of Samaria, "God is a Spirit?" An idea familiar to us, but not so then, for he said also, "Ye worship ye know not what." He taught, then, that God was not to be imagined as of like character and nature with men. We are too apt, even now, to forget what is said in the Old Testament, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." Jesus wished to impress the greatness and reality of God, bounded by no earthly or material limitations ; but a Spirit, invisible, eternal.

When speaking to the Jews, he emphasised by his sanction the old commandment, "The Lord our God is One Lord." Jesus distinctly says, then, that there is but one God. This truth had



stantly been impressed by their own prophets with bitter reproaches for their falling away, and by our Master is ratified and confirmed.

And when we go on to seek out what tells us of the One God, we find many direct statements concerning Him, viz., that His greatness and power are unlimited. In especial, in the Gospel according to Mark, chap. x. verse 27, and again, xiv. 36, we are told that *nothing* is impossible to God. Frequently elsewhere do we find texts speaking of His greatness and power; but here Jesus says that *all* (even what would seem utterly impossible to us) is possible to Him; that nothing is too great or difficult for Him, whose power is only limited by His own will—infinite.

This thought might seem awful and terrible to us. We might cry, "To so great a Being what are we? As nothing," were it not for the numberless assurances Jesus gives of the love of God, of His mercy and goodness (Luke vi. 35, 36, &c. &c.) We find such comforting sayings all through the teaching of our Master. Does he not bid us be loving and merciful, that we may be like our Father in heaven?

And, lest some might say, "He may be great and good, but how do we know He notices *us*?"—we are especially assured of His care for us. Jesus bids us observe in the works of Nature the tenderness of His hand who rules over all; he bids us take courage and comfort in seeing how the smallest things are cared for by God—how the ravens receive their food, and the fall of even a little sparrow passes not unheeded.

Again, we are told that our Father seeth in secret, i.e., not only sees us as our fellow-men do, but looks into our hearts. This must have seemed an awful thought, at times, to most of us; but all events to every young person. If we but realised it, how differently we should act. The influence of such a feeling is most touchingly illustrated in Mesba Stretton's pretty story, "The Storm of Life," when the thought, "Thou, God, seest me," preserves the weak and tempted one from falling back into sin.

And despite the awe which naturally

inspires us, what comfort there is in feeling that God knows all; that He sees us at the moment of danger and trial; that, however much others may misjudge us, He sees the secret motives of our heart, or—if we have failed, He knows our weakness.

Likewise Jesus tells us that God hears us; that if we call upon Him, our cry falls on no unheeding ear, but that He listens with the merciful tenderness that will grant our prayers, if it be good for us. And why may we be sure of this? Because Christ says, earthly fathers do not hear unmoved the entreaties of their children, and the love of the Heavenly Father transcends theirs—oh, by how much!

"The question, 'Where is God?' is then practically answered. He is always near, seeing and hearing us wherever we may be. If we but truly realised His presence, might we not all—even those who feel the loneliest now—say with the well-beloved Son, 'Yet am I not alone, for the Father is with me.'"

M. R.

#### BIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET.

"Is the road very dreary?

Patience yet!

Rest will be sweeter if thou art weary,  
And after night cometh the morning  
cheery,

Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

"The clouds have silver lining,

Don't forget;

And though he's hidden, still the sun is  
shining:

Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,  
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

"With toil and care unending

Art beset?

Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven  
descending

Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow  
bending,

And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

"Grief sharper sting doth borrow  
From regret;

But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow  
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?

Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

"An over anxious brooding

Doth beget

A host of fears and fantasies deluding;  
Then, brother, lest these torments be  
intruding,

Just bide a wee, and dinna fret."



## NO NIGHT THERE.

"*THERE shall be no night there.*"  
 Night here, is the time of darkness and danger. We shrink from evils known, and yet more from the unknown. We walk with hesitating steps where, in the broad light of day, we should move with firm, elastic tread. Night is the terror of childhood, and brings gloom full often to maturer years. Only when the heart has learned in His light to see light, at all hours, will it sing:—

"See! daylight is fading, o'er earth and  
 o'er ocean,  
 The sun has gone down on the far  
 distant sea;  
 And now in the hush of life's fitful  
 commotion,  
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Father,  
 to thee!"

To all others there is a natural shrinking from the gathering darkness, when

"Twilight puts her curtain down,  
 And pins it with a star."

We know that the hour of darkness is the hour for the burglar and the assassin, as it is for the beast of prey.

"Safety and innocence flee with light,  
 Temptation and danger go forth with  
 the night."

And so the heart hails the glad announcement, "*There shall be no night there.*"

And yet how beautiful sometimes is Night, when on her radiant brow is set the coronet of stars! How sweet, in all after years, the memory of those night hours, when the full moon passed like a stately queen along the heavens, and the moments were sacred to the communion of kindred souls! "The mystic charms of the moonlight hour!" Shall we not miss them in the land where there is no night? Ah, thank God, we shall miss nothing there, for we shall be "awake in His likeness, and be *satisfied*."

"*There shall be no night there.*"

"There is no night in heaven,  
 No sun sinks in the west,  
 No lengthening shades of even  
 Upon the landscape rest;  
 No distant star, with glimmering ray,  
 Keeps watch through hours of gloom,  
 For endless sunshine gilds the day  
 That dawns beyond the tomb."

"*There shall be no night there.*"

Reader, there is a spiritual beauty and significance in that text. If you have learned it, you are richer for the knowledge than as if you had unlocked the coffers of a Croesus. No Aladdin ever so rejoiced in the possession of the talisman which should control the slave of the lamp or ring, than you may rejoice if you possess the secret of governing the genii that make day gloomy and night hideous with the blackness of doubt and despair.

Night, with its darkness, symbolises the state of that soul upon which the sun of righteousness has never dawned. Those walk in that midnight gloom who "love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil." Those stumble in it who will not accept the lights which Christian philanthropy has placed along the way.

Some see the stars which come out, one by one, for the soul which, *tremblingly*, takes hold on God. The moonlight hours of peaceful serenity are for those who trust and wait; but the day-dawn, with its rosy flush and dewy freshness, is for those alone who follow Christ "in the regeneration."

Gradually the sun of righteousness mounts the heavens. The believing soul, in which a great, glad hope is born, struggles onward, too, and upward. Faith triumphs more and more, while the child of the Father sings:—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee,

E'en though it be a cross that raises me,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee;"

till, at last, though faith may not yet be lost in sight, because of the fleshly veil, yet, in a glad and glorious sense, "*there shall be no night there.*" This is no vain chimera, no Utopian fancy. The great Apostle to the Gentiles who soared to the third heavens, and that gentle exile of Patmos who looked upon the glories of the New Jerusalem, are not the only children of the Lord Almighty who may walk upon cloudless heights and share the glories of an endless day. Christian, be not satisfied with that weak faith which invites the mists of doubt and the fogs of error. Take hold on God's promises for thee, and for the



ance, with an unfailling grasp, and they shall lift thee into everlasting day. Again I say, with Bonar :—

"No night shall be in heaven! O, hadst thou faith  
To credit what the faithful Witness saith,  
That faith would bid each hideous phantom flee,  
And leave no night on earth, henceforth, to thee!"

P. A. HANSFORD.

### THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF JESUS.

THE world had its ideals of righteousness long before Jesus came to enlighten it. The world had its means of signifying and working this righteousness. But all were different from the righteousness personified in Jesus and declared through him in all his ministries of truth and grace. The world needed a rule of righteousness such as it had not seen; and Jesus embodied and gave out this rule. It was supreme love to God—universal love to man. It was the law of justice, mercy and peace. It was the golden rule of equity; it was a new and higher illustration than all old Judaism had seen of the instruction of one of its own prophets, "Dealing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly with God." This Jesus taught, and illustrated and enforced by irresistible appeals to the human understanding and heart. He looked through all moralities that involved fear and expediency as the mainsprings of their observance, and that made clear the outside only, while the soul was still in need of attachment and devotion to truth and to duty. He taught the greatness and indispensableness of obedience for the sake of obedience—the homage and service, not of the slave, but of the child; not of the awed and abject, or hypocritical, but of the truthful, and fervent, and free. Truth for the truth's sake, goodness for goodness's sake, justice for justice's sake, mercy for mercy's sake.

It was a righteousness embodying all that the moral sense of man could conceive of—involving all the reformatory aspirations and efforts of the philanthropist—the fulfilment of all the prayers of saints and all the interests

of ministering angels in human good. It is what all men may see as their standard of perfection, their highest heaven in this or in any life to come. It is what they may live, and achieve, and grow and expand in evermore.

And Jesus was the embodiment of this righteousness. We read of no other teacher to whom these meaning descriptions apply, "In him was no sin, who did no sin: neither was guile found in his mouth." "This is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead body." It was a godliness not unapproachable by mortals, but one which they most needed, and to which they might ever aspire. That perfect character did not visit the world, did not leave its impress in vain. It was operative, made itself felt, and wrought its convictions. It caused unbelief in different ages to say, "We find in him no fault at all; truly this was the Son of God." "We have seen him ourselves, and do know that this is the Christ, the Saviour of the world." "Never man spake like this man;" and in the language of Rousseau, "From the bosom of the most furious fanaticism the highest wisdom made itself heard; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtue honoured the vilest of the human race."

We wonder not, then, that we should hear of Christ as our righteousness, that he is made unto us righteousness; in the standard of moral excellence, beheld in him, and in all his instructions—in the influences of his character on human life and action, in the promise of his mission to "finish sin, make an end of transgression, and bring in everlasting righteousness." He is made not a righteousness for man—instead of man—but to man, in man, thus for him. It is for such a blessing that Paul so understandingly and earnestly prayed, that he might be found in Christ not having on his own righteousness, or that which his wisdom and human frailty might alone be able to evince, but the righteousness of God by faith—that life and grace and power revealed in man through the Christlike character and action!



### SALLY HAWKSWORTH'S LEGACIES.

"RAP, tap, tap," was heard at the door of Longfield Parsonage one morning. Mr. Stephenson, the resident minister, suspecting whose knock it was, hurried to answer it, when Sally Hawksworth, without saying a word, stepped into the passage, and from thence into the sitting-room, handed a very dingy old milk-pail to him, and turned on her heel, saying, "I cannot wait; my door is open, and no one in the house. I don't know how much there is; look in when you pass," and hurriedly took her departure. Sally was a little peculiar—at least the neighbours said so. She was a woman of about sixty years of age, and from some infirmity, which I never properly understood, carried her head a little beyond the perpendicular. It must be confessed she was rather strange in her appearance. She seemed as though she had dressed herself some time during the last century, and had never changed her clothes since—not, however, that she was dirty, but the various articles of her attire were so old-fashioned, dingy, darned, and patched, that she presented a curious and ancient spectacle to an observer of human nature. Sally herself was given to using this word "ancient" in her description of men, families, and things. Evidently there was no "get up" about her. She paid little attention to the fashions; and whether dresses extended by crinoline or tight-fitting, bonnet or mere apology for the same, high-heeled boots or low, the Grecian bend or natural walking were in vogue, it was all the same to Sally. She troubled not her head about these things.

And Sally Hawksworth's house was something like herself. It was "ancient" looking. It had doubtless been built a century, and seemed as though it had never been repaired. It was rude of construction, and the furniture was of a rude character; three rickety, antediluvian-looking chairs, an old table to match, a stool, a bedstead whose legs were firmly planted in a defiant attitude upon the simple earthen floor of the cottage, and an old press containing, among a multitude of

articles, a Bible, Burkit's Notes on the New Testament, Henry Ware's Works, Livermore on the Gospels, a volume of controversial sermons, a book of prayers, Bogatsky's Golden Treasury, letters, papers, and her father's will.

Sally's eldest sister had just died, and she now felt herself a poor, lonely body. Until a few months previous to the sister's decease, the frail couple had assisted in their maintenance by winding yarn for weavers. They were allowed four shillings a week by the poor-law guardians, and from a congregational benevolent fund five shillings a month. The old house in which they had resided all their days was theirs for life, its conveyance to them being the purport of their father's will. But Sally was now sole occupant, with the exception of her four-legged friend Pussy, to whom she was much attached.

"You are my head now, sir," she exclaimed, on meeting Mr. Stephenson immediately after her sister's death. "I have no one to trust to on earth but you, and I trust you to the death. I want you to be my head, for I am a lonely body who live by friendship (Sally meant kinship), what the parish allows, and what you obtained for us from the congregational benevolent fund."

Mr. Stephenson was becoming not a little alarmed at the prospect of a new and rather awkward responsibility being imposed upon him; nevertheless, thinking she might be in distress and difficulty as to the burial of her sister, he volunteered to lend her money. At this, however, Sally manifested great surprise, and betrayed her sensitiveness by exclaiming, "Oh, dear, no! I want for nothing. Thank God I have plenty of clothes for my back, clothes for my bed, food for my belly, firing for three months to come, and a little money; I want for nothing, bless you! I want you to be my head now, and look after my affairs. (Mr. Stephenson's alarm began gradually to subside.) You know, sir, it would not be proper for me, who will have to live all alone, to keep what little money I have in the house. Somebody might break in and rob me. I have some silver, and I want you to be my head, and put it in the bank for me, for I don't understand these things;



besides, I would not for the world let people know what I have got; and so arrange that a little can be drawn out when I want it. I trust you till my death. Thank God little will do me. After sister's burial, sir, you will call, and we will talk matters over." Imagine Mr. Stephenson's surprise at this revelation. Circumstances pertaining to his becoming "Head" to Sally now appeared much less serious. He knew that her fare was of an humble kind, and that little would serve her, which "little" consisted of oatmeal porridge for breakfast, a few potatoes and buttermilk for dinner, and a cup of tea and a little bread for the third meal.

After the funeral, Mr. Stephenson called, when he became pretty well informed respecting Sally's circumstances, even to the contents of the poor old father's will bequeathing the cottage to his daughters, and cutting a wild run off with a shilling. She told him of her silver, and spoke again of its being put in the bank. "And now, sir," as Mr. Stephenson rose to go, "how will you take it? No one must know. I live by friendship (kinship), what the parish gives me, and the little from the benevolent fund. If my relatives get to know that I have a few pounds by me, they will say I have plenty, and will cease helping me. If the guardians should hear of it, perhaps they will give me no more relief; and so the thing must be done quietly. Not a soul knows besides you, sir, that I have anything by me; and heaven knows it has been hard work to keep what is left. You know, sir, this is how it came. Father kept a few cows, and when he died he wished them to be sold and the money divided. The cows were sold, but we put the money together, and what I still have is the remainder. I don't know exactly what there is. I'm a bad scholar, and don't understand these things, but you will count it and let me know. Now, sir, you go home, and that no one may suspect what is being done, I will bring it up to The Parsonage just now; it would be awkward for you to carry it."

Mr. Stephenson went home, and in a short time there was a brisk knock at the door, and that the servant and

younger members of the family might not have their curiosity aroused, he rushed to answer it himself, when, as has already been stated, Sally Hawksworth stepped inside with a dingy old pail, that had possibly been used in the milking of her father's cows generations before, and speedily left again.

Fortunately, without being observed, Mr. Stephenson carried the pail to the highest and most secluded room in the large Parsonage, took off the lid, and found inside half-a-dozen old mustard tins which were very weighty. On taking off the lids of these he found them filled with small packages very securely tied. How long they had been there he could not say, but doubtless a long time, as they evolved a strong musty smell. On emptying the first tin he soon found that each parcel was intended to contain one pound, but that he might be sure of the amount, for Sally had not been able to inform him, he began carefully to count it. He went over it tin by tin and package by package, until the task was done, when he found £29 10s. 6d. and paper and string almost sufficient to fill the pail again.

That the secret might not ooze out, at the request of Sally the money was invested in the Post Office Savings' Bank in the name of Mr. Stephenson; and when she requires a little extra assistance, or a few more comforts than what "friendship" and the parish allow, she is to apply to Mr. Stephenson, and he is to withdraw a pound or two for her. There are but three stipulations, one respecting Sally's books, and two respecting her money. At her death she desires that her literary treasures shall be taken possession of by Mr. Stephenson, and if that event should occur before the money is exhausted, and there is sufficient left, Mr. Stephenson is to have erected at the head of the family grave a stone—a pattern being named—containing the following inscription: "To the memory of the late Alexander Hawksworth and family." If after the head-stone is erected there is a residue, whether amounting to only a few shillings or a number of pounds, it is to go as Sally's legacy to the minister's eldest son.

W. S. S.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**—"How is it, mamma, that everybody loves me?" asked a little girl of her mother; and not staying for an answer, added, "I think it is because I love everybody."

**ONE RASCAL LESS.**—There can be no social improvement unless there is individual improvement. Carlyle says:—"Make yourself an honest man, and you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world."

**APPROACHING THE END.**—Charles Lamb had a happy and graceful way of speaking the most solemn truths. He says of old age: "We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourselves of it. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing more to expect but in a short time a sick bed and a dismissal."

**WONDERS OF A WORM.**—The next time you go out on your morning or evening ramble, if you chance to see a worm in your path, do not kick it aside, nor step over it; but take it from the ground, and lay it on the palm of your hand; and as it tries to crawl away, you will experience a slight sensation of roughness on your skin. If you take a pocket lens, and examine carefully the under side of the worm's body, you will perceive several rows of finesharp hooks, extending from one end to the other, each annulated division (for the worm's body is, as you doubtless know, composed of rings) being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin. These minute hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being nothing more nor less than rudimentary feet to aid the worm in its progress. It has, perhaps, never occurred to you to inquire how it is, when you endeavour to draw a worm forth from the earth, that it can offer such resistance to your efforts as almost to necessitate your tearing it in two before you can extract it, and why, as soon as you relax your hold, it disappears with such rapidity under the soil. These hooks are the cause; they are retractile at the will of the animal, and operate so as not to impede its onward progress; but when a portion of its body is once extended, and has penetrated into the soil, they keep it firmly fixed, whilst the remaining part is drawn after it by muscular contraction. — *Samuelson's Humble Creatures.*

**A MAN'S RIGHTS.**—A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

**AN AWKWARD NAME.**—Ministers of religion must be often puzzled how to pronounce the Christian names of many of the couples they unite in holy wedlock. But the pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, recently had before him a task which must have sadly perplexed him. He had to marry a Scotchman, named George Darsie, to a native of Tahiti, and the bride rejoiced in the grandiloquent name of Mrs. Tetuanuierai-teruata Salmon Brander. Fancy repeating after the minister—"I, George, take thee, Tetuan——," and the rest. And yet this unpronounceable name must have been pronounced many times before the ceremony came to an end. Truly it is a remarkable name to go to church with.

**THE FICTION OF A GOLDEN AGE.**—We seek the source of this belief in the mind of man himself, which endeavours to obtain relief from actual suffering in the contemplation of a state in which it was unknown. As imagination passes the bounds of all historic time to create such a condition, so it places beyond the bounds of geographical knowledge races of men superior in health, longevity, and virtue, to the inhabitants of the known parts of the globe. Such were the Atlantians, the Hyperboreans, the Ethiopians. These fictions are beautiful; they prove that imagination has been benevolently given to man as an antagonistic power to the oppressive realities of social life, and that he feels within himself the consciousness of good, which, could it be extricated from the evil with which it is encumbered, would render him worthy to be the associate of divine natures. But we must not seek for the original of these pictures in history or in geography. — *Rev. John Kenrick's Essay on Primeval History*, p. 68.

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